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No. 26

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, June 19.

M.—Clemenceau announced in the Chamber that the time had come to assert the supremacy of the law in the South and warrants had been issued for the arrest of the principal rebels.

Trains full of troops are passing Toulouse all day and night en route for the disturbed districts.

The Tocsin was rung in Norbonne. The people rushed into the streets and began erecting barricades but desisted at the request of the ex-Mayor; one of the leaders of the agitation saying that they did not want bloodshed: he would surrender to justice.

An imposing military force has gone to Argeliers, for the purpose of arresting M. Albert, the principal leader of the agitation.

The town is surrounded by peasant sentries who on horses and cycles notify the approach of the enemy.

Renter telegraphing from Teheran says that Salaa Douleh has taken refuge in the British consulate at Karmanshah.

The Anglo-American settlement of the Newfoundland question is reported in Washington including a renewal of the *modus vivendi* next season with the additional provision that the Newfoundland courts cannot serve processes on colonial fishermen while aboard American vessels.

Sir Robert Bond in an interview with Renter as he was leaving for Newfoundland said: "I cannot imagine such a settlement possible and Newfoundland would not agree to it."

The Times in a leading article says that the persistent heckling of Mr. Morley by the slaves of Radical dogmas and by the Nationalists who ever seek to vilify the British name has shown that Mr. Morley is not to be badgered into departing from the determination he has deliberately formed.

President Roosevelt recommends Congress to release China from the Boxers' indemnity, except as regards eleven millions dollars. America's actual expenditure, of which six millions have already been paid.

London, June 20.

Owing to events in the South a dinner at the Elysee and other festivities in King Chulalongkorn's honour in Paris have been abandoned.

An Affray between troops and mob at Montpellier last evening resulted in many persons being injured.

The general sent the 81st Infantry to prevent 600 not 300 soldiers from joining the rioters at Baziers.

The troops met and fired in the air. Thereupon the 81st regiment withdrew.

Eventually General Bailloud prevailed on the mutineers to return to barracks.

Further disturbances have occurred in Lisbon to-day.

Many arrests have taken place.

No details can be obtained, owing to the Press censorship.

Two people were killed at Lisbon on Wednesday and two hundred

were arrested and will be detained in a fortress at Caxias.

London, June 21.

A mass demonstration is being organised for the occasion of the funerals of those killed in the Lisbon riots.

London, June 22.

The French Chamber, by 327 to 223, voted confidence in the Government.

M. Clemenceau said that they would continue the work of repression in the south.

An excited debate took place; the Nationalists and Socialists attacking M. Clemenceau who defended General Bailloud for not firing on the mutineers, saying that the latter were not deserters.

The railway has been cut at Poulhan, preventing reinforcements reaching Baziers.

The sub prefect, intervening, was seized and made prisoner by four thousand peasants.

Fifteen more regiments of infantry and seven of cavalry are being sent to the South.

In order to enable an immediate application to be made and to avoid delay the French Chamber to day hastily passed as a complete Bill the clauses of the Wine Bill which have been already adopted, reserving the rest.

London, June 23.

M. Albert, one of the leaders of the wine agitation, who evaded arrest, appeared this morning unaccompanied at the Ministry of the Interior.

M. Clemenceau laconically recommended surrender to the authorities.

M. Albert left by a private door.

The victims of the Lisbon riots were secretly buried by the police at night.

The censorship is most rigid.

Indirect telegrams show that the anti-Monarchical movement is growing.

The King and the Premier remain uncompromising.

The King has authorised the Governors to suppress the newspapers if necessary.

The opinion prevails in Lisbon that the present situation is impossible.

It is expected that Senhor Franco will shortly be replaced by a Cabinet of conciliation representing all the Monarchist parties.

M. Kelly, who was mentioned on the 20th instant as charged with using language inciting to murder, has been secretly arrested this morning.

A large force of police conveyed him to Galway Jail.

The opium dens in the native city in Shanghai were closed yesterday.

The volunteers are prepared for emergencies. All is quiet.

The dens are closed, but opium is sold for consumption elsewhere.

London, June 24.

M. Albert earnestly disclaimed political motives, and begged M. Clemenceau to show mercy and release his colleagues and thus restore calm.

M. Clemenceau firmly refused, and M. Albert finally promised to return to the South and to persuade his fellow citizens to return to the paths of loyalty.

Meanwhile his arrest is suspensid, though it is understood that he will eventually surrender.

This is regarded as a step in the direction of conciliation.

The crowds at Narbonne received the news with cheers.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A correspondent sends us the following notice of a most interesting exhibition that is now being held in London.

"PALESTINE IN LONDON."

From June 11th to July 2nd is being held a unique exhibition of Palestine in London. The Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, is filled with the largest collection of exhibits and models relating to Bible lands ever seen in any country.

The Tabernacle is to be strictly in accordance with original measurements, and will attract Jews, as well as Christians. The altars, as well as the sacred Ark, the various vessels &c., will all be of the exact dimensions given by God to Moses. It will be a unique experience to enter into the court of the priests, and the Holy Place. Another exhibit is a gigantic raised map of Palestine which will be 60ft. long, and will occupy 1800 sq. ft. of space. Other models are the city of Jerusalem as it must have appeared in the days of our Lord; the glorious second Temple, modern Jerusalem, and a facsimile of the Garden Tomb. Of Eastern life there is an endless variety; as in an improvised field the farmer is seen ploughing with a native, primitive plough, as did Elisha of old. Students of natural history, botany, archaeology find one of the finest collections of Palestine flowers, plants, trees, herbs, animals, birds, fossils ever seen in England. Lovers of music will see the harp, sackbut, lute, and other kinds of musical instruments, and listen of the strange weird music of the East. The exhibition is being held under the auspices of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews.

It is most encouraging to learn from a recent paper that the gifts to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in the U. S. A. during the month of April were unprecedented; and that the new financial year opens with the brightest prospects. This is just what we had every reason to expect after the great meeting for men in Omaha. Hitherto the church has just been playing at missionary work. Now we may hope that the task will really be begun in the proper spirit of earnestness:

"Take up thy bed and walk!" the sick man heard,

One moment prostrate at the Saviour's feet,

And then, obedient to the Master's word,

Went praising Jesus up the Jewish street.

Speak to our souls, which long have lain, O God,

Crushed with the palay of our mortal sin!

O, bid us rise and lift our grievous load,

And we will labour up the toilsome road

Till heaven's wide gates receive the wanderers in!

—Phillips Brooks.

CHRIST'S NEED OF US.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

That we need the Lord Jesus Christ is a religious axiom that certainly no Christian will dispute. But it is equally true that, in order to the fulfillment of his glorious scheme of the world's redemption, he needs all of us who profess to be his people. Jesus Christ is our proprietor; all that we pretend to own is only a lease from him, and to be used, not for self, but in his service. We do not even own ourselves "in fee simple." We are bought with the price of Christ's precious atoning blood; therefore we are to glorify him with our bodies and our souls, our time, our money, and our influence.

There is a side light thrown upon this important truth by the little incident that occurred before our Lord's remarkable entry into Jerusalem. He sends two of his disciples into the village of Bethphage with certain explicit instructions. "Go your way into the village over against you; in which, as ye enter, ye shall find a colt tied whereon no man ever yet sat; loose him and bring him." Their omniscient Master predicts not only just where the beast will be found, but that they will be asked, "Why do we loose the colt?" The sufficient answer was to be, "The Lord hath need of him." That was the claim which they were to present. Sagacious old Matthew Henry (the prince of practical commentators) remarks that our Saviour "went to sea in a borrowed boat, rode on a borrowed colt, and was buried in a borrowed sepulchre." It seems presumptuous to dissent from any of Henry's bright expressions; but there is an important sense in which our Lord never borrowed anything. He had supreme ownership. The Father had given all things into his hand. He owned the sea, and commanded it to be quiet at his bidding; he put even the fish in the sea under tribute when he told Peter to go and get one with a half-shekel in its mouth. He owned the trees and smote a fig tree with perpetual barrenness when it was playing impostor. He owned the temple, and scourged out the sacrilegious hucksters who were turning it into a house of merchandise. The ass's colt was really Christ's property; he required it for his own use, and was only asserting his sovereign claim when he said that he "had need" of it.

Jesus Christ describes himself under the figure of a Shepherd coming to seek and to save his wandering sheep. That the poor forlorn vagrants needed the Shepherd's restoring love, and need to be brought back and fed and sheltered, is very true. It is equally true that the Divine Shepherd hath need of his flock; his infinite heart of love could only be satisfied by their recovery. A sick child requires a mother's care, but still more does the mother's heart require the darling of her love. If heaven would not be heaven to us were Jesus not there, neither would it be such a heaven as Jesus desires if a multitude souls were

not there also to chant his praise. Reverently he it said that the glorified Redeemer needs us in his many mansions; or else he could not "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." That was the joy set before him, for which he endured the cross and bore all its shame and agonies.

The true idea which every Christian should keep in mind, is that he does not own himself. Christ owns us, and has a perfect right to put us just where he chooses, and to demand of us just what he wants. He has a right to the firstlings of the flock, to the brightest sons and daughters of our families. The best brains and highest culture are none too good for his service. If his pulpits and his mission fields need them, then in God's name let them not be confiscated to mere moneymaking, or office seeking, or earthly ambitions of any kind. What we call our property really belongs to Christ; we only surrender to him his own when we pour it into his treasury. Jesus has the first claim—a claim to the best, and is not to be put off with the candle-ends and the cheese-parings. Is this great principle acknowledged by those church members who squander their thousands on fine houses and equipage, and then dribble out stingily what "they can afford" (!) to him who has purchased for them an eternal salvation? Alas, let such remember that they cannot afford to rob their loving Master of what is his own. It is no sin to have money, but it is a sin to let money have us. If we put the chest of gold on our own shoulders, it may crush us into selfishness and ruin; if we put it under our feet, it may lift us up to usefulness and the smile of our approving Lord. How much of my time and money and talents does Jesus Christ need? That is the way that Christians should look at the matter.

This supreme ownership by Jesus Christ allows him to take away from us whatever he will, and when he will. A beloved and eloquent young minister, a Summerfield, a McCheyne, a Nott, a Dudley Tyng, is called away to heaven, and a bereaved church wonders why they are bereft. "The Lord hath need of them" somewhere else. That is enough. Our bright son sickens and dies; our lovely daughter droops away and vanishes from our arms. Why is this? we cry out in our agony. The Master was only taking his own; let us open not our mouths, for he did it. He needed to do it; there was a divine purpose of wisdom to be served; God's dealings are often great mysteries, but they are never mistakes. He puts his own where he needs them most. He gives us the discipline that we most require. Then, good friends, if our Divine Lord once had need of a little bit of a beast in Jerusalem, let us comfort ourselves with the thought that he puts honour on such humble creatures as we are when he condescends to use us or ours for his blessed service. *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Be what thou prayest to be made:
Let the great Master's steps be thine.—
Bonar.

DINNERS IN PARIS SLUMS

A unique and little known charity of Paris is that originated by Madame Henri Couillet, and put in operation about a year ago. It is described by the Paris correspondent of the New York "Tribune":

The Free Restaurant stands in a little, dark, irregularly paved street, with no footways to speak of, and alternate, with equally dilapidated blanks and buildings on either side. The street leads nowhere in particular, but meanders toward the fortifications close at hand, and is a turning out of a long, busy thoroughfare that cuts across the heart of a poor and dismal quarter of the Paris of the Left Bank. The restaurant consists of a small house, a kind of cottage survival of the days when Vanves was more suburb than city, and it still has a yard on one side, in which either chickens or sunflowers might have flourished long ago, before the advent of the factories for preserving the "harengs saurs," of which such large quantities are consumed in the Paris brasseries, or of the automobile factories, now one of the features of the landscape. A rickety pump and a broken down fence occupy the yard to-day, and the cheerful kitchen of the little restaurant keeps a bright eye on both until what time the last poor guest has carried her baby home to bed.

The Free Restaurant opens its doors at 11 o'clock in the morning for lunch, and at 5-30 at night for dinner, and the clients are punctual. The establishment has only one kind of customer. The poor nursing mothers of the quarter are alone eligible for the charity of the Rue Jonquoy, and so the table is garnished with as many infants as there are diners. Not that Mme. Henri Couillet looks upon her guests as objects of charity. The benevolent founders of the "œuvre" considers that in placing two wholesome meals a day before these poor women she is paying the debt of the State to those who in the face of enormous difficulties are rearing future much-needed citizens for France. While the birth rate of France is less than one to thousand of its population, every little life saved is a help to the country and in the thirteen months that the Couillet Charity has been working the mortality among the infants who have profited by the good food it provides for their mothers has been 3 per cent, and of these two deaths were from meningitis, and one from a pulmonary complaint, hereditary and not preventable.

Altogether, with its six modes "salles," the Couillet Charity has assisted more than four thousand babies this year, a splendid record. It must be remembered that these are the children who, but for the timely assistance given to their mothers, would have been brought up on some of the cheapest and most dangerous of artificial foods, and would probably have been included in the terrific lists of infant mortality here. France loses annually one hundred and fifty



thousand infants in their first year—one whole army corp. There is room, therefore, for plenty of such restaurants as these Mme. Coulet has organized. In order that it should be impossible to turn the food to any other purpose than that intended by the foundress, all meals are consumed on the premises and no food is carried away. So that the mother who alone can insure the rearing of a healthy child is compelled to eat two good meals a day under the eye of the directress.

The thriving regiment of babies—"infantry" battalions, to borrow the janitor's atrocious pun—attest the excellence of the system.

CHRISTIANS AND PUBLIC LIFE.

The following extract from a recent sermon by the Rev. S. Whitehead, President for the year 1904-05 of the Wesleyan English Conference, is worth careful attention by Indian Christians:—

"Christian men should not shrink from public duties. There has, perhaps, been a tendency too marked for educated and refined and Christian men to shrink from taking their part in the life of the city; they shrink from the rude beckling of the election, or the rude encounter of the Council-chamber. The consequence is that men selfish and ignorant are apt to push into offices that men better qualified to occupy these positions ought to have. The danger is that there may come the rule of the worst for the worst. If our city councils, for instance, are not pure; if they abet and do not abate the evils and dangers of our people; if their influence is used to sustain those institutions that enrich the few for the permanent degradation of the many; then our cities may become cesspools of evil. There are towns to-day that have already passed under the rule of Circe's cup. Christian men for public places should be one of the guiding cries of our time. Christian principles in public measures may be another. Then would our Sabbath streets with their shuttered shops proclaim to men 'The Lord is there.'

Can we make our city pure is the question every man should put to himself. We need also Christian altruism among our leading public men. In our age it is coming to be felt more and more that the hero is the man that stands forth armed not with sword and spear, but with love and kindness, and sympathy and generosity. It has been said that it was the misfortune of the ancient hero that he taught Ulysses how to bend the bow, but not what to shoot; Ajax how to forge the iron, but left him to forge manacles for the limbs; Gutenberg how to make moveable type, but not ideas to print; Galileo how to use the telescope to see stars millions of miles away, but not home to see the woes and wrongs of the next street, the sorrows of serfs and slaves, the distress of the paupers and prisoners of our time.

However, the influence of our religion is beginning to reverse all this, and to cry out against 'man's inhumanity to man.'

In our age we are coming better to understand the principles of our holy religion, and to apply them; and the tendency of this time is not unsuitably expressed in Lowell's words, which he puts into the lips of Jesus Christ when He said:

"The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
By what so we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me."

Let us see to it that our sympathy and generosity is of this Christ-like and self-denying type, and we shall do something to hasten the period when the words of this ancient prophecy shall be brought to fulfilment, and "The name of the city from that day shall be, the Lord is there."

THE STUDENTS' CHRISTIAN FEDERATION.

Mr. John R. Mott has returned to America from the Far East, where he has been travelling since. He attended the Students' Christian Federation, held at Tokyo early in April. At the opening of the series of meetings on behalf of the 15,000 Chinese students in Tokyo, January 168 Chinese students, after hearing Mr. Mott's address, communicated their desire and purpose to become disciples of Christ. In a series of similar meetings among Chinese students at Kyoto and Osaka, over a hundred young men each night communicated their desire to become Christians. Mr. Mott's evangelistic campaign in Japan has thus been singularly fruitful, and it must be remembered that nearly twenty deputations were working on similar lines in all parts of Japan. Students of twenty-five nations assembled at Tokyo. It is rather a remarkable fact that Buddhist and Shinto conferences were going on in Tokyo at the same time as the Students' Convention. Each of these great gatherings sent a message of congratulation and goodwill to the Christian Assembly.

There is no condition of sorrow laid down as necessary to forgiveness. Repentance does not mean sorrow; it means turning away from the sins. Every man can do that, more or less, and that every man must do.

Just to be good, keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an idea as noble as it is difficult.—Edward Howard Griggs.

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WHAT CAME OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

The extensive circulation of the Bible, in almost all the languages of the world, may well be to us the source of a great hope, when we recall some of the incidents that illustrate what has been wrought through the Living Word of God in circumstances and conditions utterly diverse.

In Doctor Moffat's very stirring account of his South Africa work there is a beautiful story of how, when he and his companions had travelled far away in the midst of a savage tribe, and were hungering and thirsting and utterly spent, they had asked at a native village for water and had been refused. Dr. Moffat offered three or four buttons from his jacket for a little milk, but this, too, was refused. The neighbourhood was infested with lions, and their only safety was to bury themselves in the sand, and so pass the night. As twilight came a native woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a large bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. She set them down and then quickly returned to the village. A second time she approached with other and larger supplies. Dr. Moffat turned and asked her who she was, and why she rendered this service, but she was silent. He pleaded with her as to the reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. Then the tears stole down her cheeks, and she replied, "I love Him whose servants you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name." "I asked her," says Dr. Moffat, "How she kept the life of God within her in the midst of such surroundings." She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, and whispered, "This is the fountain from which I drink. This is the oil which makes my lamp burn."

Another story humorously tells of a shepherdlad who came in great distress to Dr. Moffat, bringing a torn Dutch Testament. In bitter grief he told how the watchdog had got hold of the book and torn a page out of it. "Well, well," said Dr. Moffat, "don't break your heart about it; I can get you another Testament."

"No, no," cried the lad, by no means comforted. "But think of the dog."

Dr. Moffat laughed. "Nonsense," said he, "if your dog can crunch an ox bone he is not going to be hurt by a bit of paper."

The lad's eyes were filled with amazement. "Oh! Papa Moffat," he cried, "I was once a bad boy. If I had an enemy I hated him, and everything in me wanted to kill him. Then I got the New Testament in my heart and began to love everybody and forgive all my enemies, and now the dog, the great big hunting-dog, have got the blessed Book in him, and will begin to love the lions and the tigers and let them help themselves to the sheep and oxen!"

From the wilds of Africa and its heathen it is a long way to the time of the English Reformation and its

leaders. Yet, here too it was that there came out of the Bible a great uplifting of the nation. It was at the time when Wycliffe lay in an agony of soul, sharing the terror of the nation at the out-break of the plague. "groaning and praying to God to show him the way of deliverance," which he found at last in an old Latin Bible. Then he began in turn to translate the Testament into English, and send forth his poor priests, as they were called, to read from this blessed Book and minister to the people.

Very beautiful and touching is the story of Latimer's conversion. Erasmus had visited Cambridge, and by his learning had impressed its students as one of the greatest of scholars. He had directed their attention to the Greek language, as a necessity, if they would have the flowers of literature, and above all if they would understand the New Testament. On his return to France Erasmus translated the Greek Testament into Latin and added some Latin notes. A copy of this book came into the hands of "Little Bilney," as he was called. He has left us his own touching story. "I, before I could come unto Christ, had sought such peace for my poor sick soul as Rome could devise. I went to the priests and they pointed me to penances and to pilgrimages, in all which things, as I now understand, they sought after the good of their own pockets rather than the gain of my sick soul. But at last I heard speak of Jesus. It was then, when first the New Testament was set forth by Erasmus, which, when I understand to be well done by him, I bought it, being drawn thereto rather by the Latin than by the Word of God, for at that time I knew not what the Word of God meant. And on the first reading of it, as I well remember, I chanced upon these words: '*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all men to be received, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief.*' That one sentence, through God's inward working did so lift up my poor bruised spirit that the very bones within me leaped for joy and gladness."

Then it is that "Little Bilney" goes to hear Latimer speak—at this time the champion of Rome, and to whom "this new learning" as he called it, "is of the devil." Impressed by the earnestness of the preacher, "Little Bilney" goes home to pray: "O God, I am but 'Little Bilney,' and shall never do any great thing for thee, but if thou wilt give me the soul of that man, Hugh Latimer, how great things should he do." So "Little Bilney" kept praying, until he could bear it no longer, and coming up one day to Latimer he said, "Prithee, Father Latimer, may I confess my soul to Thee?"

Latimer beckoned him to follow into the quiet room adjoining, and there "Little Bilney" dropped on his knees as if he were going to confess his sins, but instead he told all about this Saviour, Jesus Christ. Think of pouring anything like this into the ear of his father confessor! "Father," he said, "I went to the priests and they pointed me to broken cisterns that held no water and only mocked my thirst. I carried the load of my sins until my souls was well nigh broken, but now be-



ing justified by faith, I have piece with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Latimer was overwhelmed. This was what his whole soul longed for, so "Little Bilney" led him step by step now kneeling with him in prayer, now reading to him the promises of God's Book, until at last from Latimer's eyes there fell the scales, and straightway he preached Christ, that he is the Son of God, and that there is salvation in none other.

ANOTHER OF "THROW OUT THE LIFE LINE."

Although Ira D. Sankey has of times been credited with being the author of that beautiful hymn "Throw Out the Life Line," and was the one person who popularized the song, the Rev. E. S. Ufford, a clergyman who now lives in Springfield, Mass, wrote the words and music of the hymn in 1886, and although it has now been translated into twenty-seven languages and sold to over five million singers the world over, few know how the author came to write this wonderful song, which Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler states contains more electricity than any words that were ever written into a song.

The Rev. Mr. Ufford states that he lived in a little village near the seashore and thirteen miles away from Boston, that he oftentimes in the summer time strolled along the beach and saw an old wreck half hidden away by the sands and rubbish, and in his imagination tried to picture how such a wreck was caused, and wondered, if there had been a life line thrown out to passengers and crew, could the wreck have been averted. He oftentimes wished that he might some day write a song that would live after him, and the inspiration came to the minister to hold a meeting on the sands by the old wreck and offer to extend a helping hand to the wrecks of manhood who chanced to come to the meeting. The plan was so great a success and so inspired was the minister that he sat down and in fifteen minutes had penned the four verses of a song that will live for all time. He sold the song for twenty-five dollars, and often remarks that it was the easiest money he ever earned, for he is daily receiving royalties in redeemed manhood. Sankey soon got hold of the hymn, sang and popularized it. Moody called it his favorite, and in a trip which the author took round the world he found it was a passport for him wherever he went, and in Japan, Ceylon, China, Italy, and England he found instances connected with the beautiful verses. In Honolulu the verses were translated into the native hymn and the natives sang the song to the Rev. Mr. Ufford in their native tongue.—The Advance.

A Christian must not, cannot, dare not, be a pessimist, for in this ever-increasing flood of immigration we have our peril as well as our opportunity.—

Dr. F. H. Sheets.

RELEGIOUS THOUGHT AND INCIDENT.

(Where Source in Known Credit in Given.)

What have you done to-day that no-body but a Christian would do?—Maltbie D. Babcock.

Just as surely as there is a possible Peter in an actual Simon, and that Peter is to be brought out, just so surely will he be sifted. . . . A man is never asked to endure this sifting without hope. And just here is disclosed the attitude which the disciples of Christ are to assume with reference to all the sifting processes of life. It is graciously granted to every Simon to hear the voice of the Master, Christ, saying: "Simon! Satan asked to sift you—but I have prayed for thee."—Frank W. Gunsaulus.

It is said that on one occasion Seneca, the great philosopher, said to Polybius, who was complaining about his condition, "Never complain of thy hard fortune so long as Cæsar is thy friend." To those who complain about hard fortune, about hard times, about loss of health or loss of wealth, let us say, never complain of your condition in life so long as Jesus is thy friend. It is well to remember that he is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, "and that all things work for good to them that love God." The only thing that we need to do is to keep loving God with all our might.

What a blessing would come to us if could but learn to live faithfully each day and cease the vain attempt to bear to-morrow's trials, which may prove to be only imaginary. "What a vast portion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future, either our own or that of our dear ones! Present joys, present blessings, slip by and we miss half of their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God our little children teach us every day by their confident faith in us? We who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and he who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving! Why cannot we, slipping our hand into his each day, walk trustingly ever that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home."

Believe not those who say,
The upward path is smooth;
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way,
And faint before the truth.

To labour and to love,
To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above
And keep thy conscience pure—

Be this thy constant aim,
Thy hope, the chief delight,
What matters who should whisper blame
Or who should scorn or slight,
If but thy God approve,
And if, within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of his love,
The earnest of his rest?

—Anne Bronte

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